

⑤ JOHN SR. / MARY / MATT / MONSIGNOR

Todd Kreidler

Guess Who? / Credits / To Be Continued

MATT. You have to understand. They've got me boxed into a hell of a corner here. He doesn't have the right to come in here insisting I be happy about something any reasonable man—

MONSIGNOR RYAN. Don't fool yourself, Matt. Know exactly what it is that you're about to do. You not supporting the marriage is you stopping the marriage.

(JOHN SR and MARY enter.)

JOHN SR. Mr. Drayton?

MATT. Yes . . . Mr. Prentice. Mrs. Prentice. Pleased to meet you. (Beat.) How was your drive?

MARY. Pleasant.

MATT. How long did it take?

MONSIGNOR RYAN. Oh lord . . .

JOHN SR. Mr. Drayton, I don't know you at all and don't want to offend you . . . But are you some kind of lunatic?

MARY. John . . .

MONSIGNOR RYAN. We were just coming to that conclusion.

CHRISTINA. Mike . . .

JOHN SR. You approve of what's going on here?

MATT. I wouldn't say—

JOHN SR. Maybe you can afford to be out of your mind. Sitting up here in this fine house where the police, your money and your skin protect you. But I'm speaking to you as someone who lives out in the world. Telling you my son mixing with your daughter is crazy! You should've told them off the minute they walked in here.

MATT. If you calm down enough—

JOHN SR. Calm down? Mr. Drayton, do you know who my son is? What he's done for himself? Marrying your daughter would be throwing away everything!

MATT. Now wait a minute—

JOHN SR. This would destroy—

MATT. I agree with you. You're the first person who sees eye-to-eye with me.

JOHN SR. What have you told them?

MATT. Essentially that I feel the same way as you. The world's not ready for this.

MONSIGNOR RYAN. It's you that's not ready, Matt.

JOHN SR. Then why am I standing in your house now? How did it get this far?

MATT. Mr. Prentice, I know that you've only had a few minutes with this and I first flew off the handle as quick as you. But I will tell you I've learned today that they are very serious about this and we're about to make for them a hell of an unhappy situation.

JOHN SR. How was my son dumb enough to get himself trapped.

CHRISTINA. Trapped?

JOHN SR. She's not . . . Is she in trouble?

CHRISTINA. Not a chance. If you'll excuse me, I need to go be with my daughter.

(CHRISTINA exits up the stairs.)

MATT. At least I've had all afternoon to deal with this. You should have some time to talk with your son. Use my study, down the hall, the open door to your left.

MARY. (To JOHN SR.) I'll let John know you wish to speak with him.

JOHN SR. I apologize for coming off too hot. Good to know you're a reasonable man, Mr. Drayton.

(JOHN SR exits into the study. MARY exits through the front door)

MONSIGNOR RYAN. A reasonable man? . . . Since the seminary, I've always preferred Augustine over Aquinas. It's that faith in reason alone—

MATT. Leads to the devil? Keep the devil to yourself tonight.

MONSIGNOR RYAN. The only devil I'm really concerned with is the devil in man himself.

(JOHN and MARY enter.)

JOHN. Mr. Drayton, I'll need to speak with you and Mrs. Drayton soon.

MATT. Of course, son. Right after you speak with your father.

(JOHN exits to the study.)

MARY. I'll be on the terrace.

(MARY exits to the terrace.)

CHRISTINA

END.